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I'M GOING

TO TELL

ON YOU

KATIE



SONGSTER

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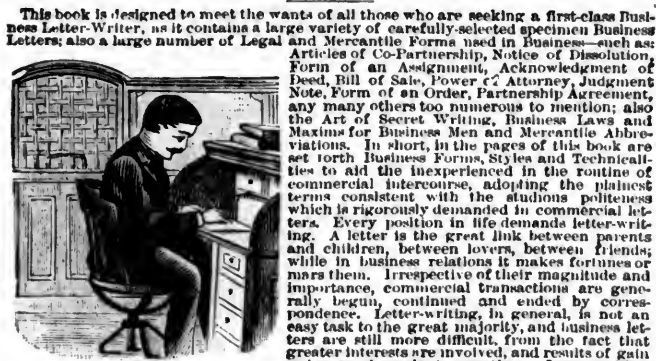
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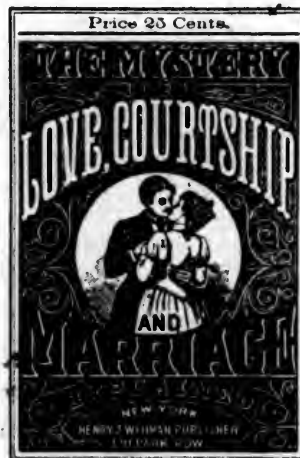


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CONTENTS:

Asleep at the switch	I must be there on New Year's	Raven
Arab's farewell to his steed	I would not live away [day]	Richardson on the James
Annie and Willie's prayer	Irish philosopher	Rory of the Hill
A yaller dog's love for a nig.	Jim Bludso	Reminiscence of a hammock
Anthony and Cleopatra [ker	Last hymn	Sheridan's ride
A roller-rink romance	Love's Ye-ee-ho Strauss	Somebody's darling
Battle of Fontenoy	Life is but a game of cards	Somebody's mother
Beautiful snow	Level and the square	Schneider's ride
Bingen on the Rhine	Lips that touch liquor shall	Song of the shirt
Bridge	Laugh in school [never touch]	Snack in school
Barbara Frietchie	Little Meg and I [mine]	Stamius O'Brien
Base ball	Monksless man	Schneider's little boy
Curfew must not ring to	Mule stood on the steamboat	Twenty years ago
Charge of the Light Brigade	Maniac [deck]	Tramp
Der patter of the shingles	Mother's fool	That hired girl
Dying California	Must Muller in Dutch	Virginia [be proud]
Dot stumpon pony	Miss Mahoney on the Chinese	Wolf at the door [mortal]
Dorkine's night	Mahoney's Fenian cat [ques	Why should the spirit of
Der baby	No set in heaven [tion]	Which shall it be?
Dot baby off mine	Nobody's mule	What I would do for her
Dying soldier	Nobody's child	What became of a lie
Duschen, on the Rhine	Old man in the mod-le church	Wreck of the Hesperus
Excelsior	O'Reilly's billy goat	What I live for [the Met
Fast freight	Over the hills to the poor-	When McGee's nine played
Guilty or not guilty	Old sayings [house]	We reap what we sow
Gambler's wife	Old oaken bucket	What is life! [payas's gravo
Gladiator	Order Joe	You put on flowers on my
How the gates came ajar	Only a girl	Yarn of the Nancy Bell
Hornet's nest	Polish boy [rum]	
Home attractions	Please don't sell my father	

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HAPPY IS THE BRIDE THAT THE SUN SHINES ON

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Words by George Cooper. Music by George C. Edwards.

In the little village church a youthful couple stood,
And the words were spoke that made them man and wife;
Oh, the wedding bells they rang, and the birds of spring time sang,
While they vowed to love each other all their life;
As they from the altar came, and stood beside the porch,
All the clouds had passed away, the sun shone bright;
And the husband whispered there, to the wife so sweet and fair,
These words in fondest accent of delight:

CHORUS.

Happy is the bride that the sun shines on;
All the gloomy clouds now are past and gone;
Oh, still remember, dear, when sorrow hovers near,
Happy is the bride that the sun shines on.

By the fireside warm and bright, a couple old and gray,
With a smile of sweet contentment, linger still;
Though the years have taken flight, yet they seem to hear to-night
Those sweet wedding bells that echoed o'er the hill.
Near the end of life are they, but just as dear to-day
Are the loves they plighted in their youth so fair,
And they talk of olden times, and the merry wedding chimes,
While once again the old man whispers there:—*Chorus.*

Olcott's Irish Serenade

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

Katy, my darling, alone I am waiting,
Waiting and watching alone by the stile,
Why keep me here, while my heart is inside, dear?
So open your door, love, and give me your smile.
You promised you'd meet me at eight, by the stile, dear;
Where are you now, while your lover is here?
Oh, come to me quickly, my heart it is yearning,
Yearning and waiting for you, Katy dear.

Ah, never fear, you'll be safe in my keeping,
I will guard o'er you, asleep or awake,
Nothing can harm you while my love's around you;
I'd lay down my life, Katy, for your dear sake.
As true as the stars keeping watch thro' the long night,
Such will my faithful watch constantly be;
To cheer you, to guide you o'er life's stormy ocean,
Give me but that lot, and joy waits for me.

Pretty Jennie Slattery

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Words and Music by Chas. B. Lawlor and James W. Blake.

Down around the Battery, me and Jennie Slattery,
There every evening we go for a walk;
Going together a year or more, what are they keeping comp'ny for?
You'd be surprised to hear how all the neighbors talk.

CHORUS.

Pretty Jennie Slattery, pay-day next Saturday,
Sunday night a wedding down at Tracy's;
Would have thought a year ago that the boy who was so slow,
Would marry the prettiest girl that works in Macy's.

Talk about your jealousy—what won't the fellows say
When I am married to my pretty Jen;
I've got nothing and neither has she, so much the better for her and me,
For if I strike it rich, we'll be twice as happy then.—*Chorus.*

To a flat up town we'll go, which Jennie will keep just so,
Then folks will say that we're in the swim; [thin;
Sunshine and shadow it may creep in—we'll stick together through thick and
I know my Jennie—yes, and she knows her Tim.—*Chorus.*

I'M GOING TO TELL ON YOU, KATIE

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Words and Music by George C. Edwards.

Sisters are nice to have sometimes,
But I think they're oft in the way;
For instance, when you have a sweetheart,
Then three is a crowd, so they say;
I've a sister quite young, but she had such a tongue,
And when'er I took her out,
If I met a beau, she'd look at me so,
And then shake her finger and shout:

CHORUS.

"I'm going to tell on you when home I go;
You'll get a scolding then for acting so;
You've been flirting all the day;
And when I go home I'll tell on you, Katie!"

How I would coax her with candy,
To just make her hush for a while;
But nothing would keep her tongue quiet;
She'd pout, and she never would smile;
Then wherever I went, she to go still was bent;
Sure to quarrel on the way;
No matter who heard, she'd have the last word,
And this is what she'd always say:—*Chorus.*

Now, I am married and settled,
And happy as happy can be,
Still singing a song to the baby,
While granny is making the tea;
We've a neat little home, and it's all, all our own,
So our hearts are light and gay;
And that sister small, I never hear hawl
These words that she oft used to say:—*Chorus.*

I'll Not Go Out with Riley ANY MORE

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

My old friend Johnnie Riley says, "Come Mac, along with me;
I mean to draw me pension and we'll have a real old spree;
We'll both go down to Murphy's, then we'll stop in on Magee,
And have a drink or two at Misses Grady's."
Says I, "Now, John, come home; leave the drink and stuff alone,
And you'll feel the better man to-morrow morn."
"Devil-a-foot," he says, "I will, sure I mean to have me fill,"
So, like a fool, I had to go along.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Every bone within me body since is sore;
Sure he got me in a fight, and leave them lock me up all night,
No! I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Next morning Riley said to me, "Indeed, I'm sorry, Mack."
Says I, "I want no sympathy or anything like that;
Now if you had stood by me when you got me in a scrap,
I wouldn't been the sight I am this morning."
Says he, "Tut, tut, don't fret, sure I've plenty money yet;
Now cheer up, and we'll go out and take a drop"—
So, like a fool again, sure I did the very same,
And went with Riley, when I swore I'd not.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
Just for fun, he poked a policeman in the jaw;
Then he ran away, did he, and let the copper collar me,
So I'll not go out with Riley any more.

Now Riley, here a week ago, went out one night alone,
Although he called around for me, I'm glad I wasn't home;
Me wife, she says, "It's likely that you'll find him at McGlone's."
Says he, "I'll stop there, Misses McAnally."
He'd gone a block or more, when a dashing wire he saw,
And so gently in the breeze did it sway,
And he thought the wire was dead, but 'twas full of life instead,
That happened just a week ago to-day.

CHORUS.

But I'll not go out with Riley any more;
It was yesterday the last of him I saw;
As the funeral wound away, sure then I to meself did say,
Now, I can't go out with Riley any more.

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PHOEBE

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Words by Thos. Lo Mack. Music by Andrew Mack.

Tell me what you does with all your money, says Phoebe;
Tell me how you gits rid of all your money, says Phoebe.
I takes out the dice and rolls dem, so: is dat you seven? Mm, Mm? No, no;
On, dat's de way my money does go, Phoebe.

REFRAIN.

Oh, oh, oh, please lemme know, Phoebe, if you love me, tell me so;
Oh, oh, oh, please lemme know, Phoebe, if you love me, tell me so.

CHORUS.

Stars are shining, the moon am climbing, meet me, Phoebe Jane;
Come, my honey, I've got money, and we'll take the train.

When the whin'ry winds begin to blow, says Phoebe,
Nothing then in sight for to eat but snow, says Phoebe.
I gathers the money layin' 'round, you saxes yours up and I saxes mine down;
On, hold your job, we'll own this town, Phoebe.—Refrain & Chorus.

THE Sidewalks of New York

Parody by Will H. Barry.

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Down on Dinny Casey's old brown, wooden stoop,
The boys, when on a jag, at night were sure to coop;
Lying there together, none of them could walk,
While the "Guinea" slobbered the chestnuts on the sidewalks of New York.

CHORUS.

This side, that side, staggering 'round the town,
We won't go home 'till morning, London bridge is falling down.
Out on a hum together, me and Rummy Rorke,
Slipped and spoiled our faces on the sidewalks of New York.

That's where Johnny Casey won Oppie Dildock's cow,
With Jakey Kromse, the beggar, who's always out for dough;
Pretty Nellie Shannon, with a head as light as cork,
Tripped and fell fantastically, on the sidewalks of New York.—Chorus.

Things have changed since that time, some are up the spout,
Others they are up in jail, with no one to bail them out;
They would part with all they've got, and with envy they would gawk,
To see a hum, chock full of rum, on the sidewalks of New York.—Chorus.

A CRUEL HISS

Parody by Al. Overton.

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We left New York one summer's day, my old pal Jack and I,
For we were on the hog, you know, and thought the road we'd try;
We just blew in a million, which we both had in our minds—
We lost our minds in search of work, now our money we can't find.
Our first stop it was Hoboken, a nice town, I don't think;
If a fellow stops there over night, next day he'll take to drink.
My pard and I we found a place beneath an old woodshed;
Says Jack to me, "Come, let's bunk in and rest our weary head."

CHORUS.

Only a kick from a Dutch copper's boot,
Only a good swinging punch in the snoot—
The cop had his girl making love in the shed;
He thought we might queer him, so he left us for dead.

Now we have wandered many miles, we've traveled on our front;
We've had our share of trouble, boys, while for the grub we'd hunt.
At "slamming gates" you bet we're good, we're always out for "graft";
When farmers tell us to saw wood we always have a laugh.
'Tis many moons since we have worked, the word gives us a chill—
If someone offered us a job I know we'd both get ill.
When we were boys it was not so, for we were light and gay,
But cigarettes and lager beer have put us here to-day.

CHORUS.

Only two tramps that are out for a meal,
Only two bums, always ready to steal;
Of all the towns that we have worked, New York is the best;
For "free graft" and "hang-outs," why she beats all the rest.

McGinty at the Living Pictures

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Words and Music by Joe Flynn.

Dan McGinty went into the opera show,
With his old wife Mary Ann,
And he took a front seat, near the middle aisle,
Amongst the bald-headed clan;
But he wasn't prepared for the sights he saw,
And he laughed with might and main,
When the living pictures came to view:
Why he nearly went insane.

CHORUS.

When he saw the Sleeping Beauty, why he got such a shock
You could hear his heart a-ticking like an eight-day clock,
Then he danced and he pranced, and says he, "I've been to France,
But that's the finest sight I ever saw."
Then his eyes bulged out, he began for to shoot;
The gallery boys they hollered, "Put that Zulu out."
Then his wife grabbed his feet, pulled him under the seat,
So he couldn't gaze upon the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When the girl who posed as Venus, with her form so grand,
You could hear McGinty holler 'way above the band,
Then says he, "Mary Ann, you will lose your old man
If you don't be quick and take me out entirely;"
When he saw the lady bathers, he jumped like a hare,
It took nine ushers for to hold him in his chair;
Then he whispered, with a grin, "Mary Ann, go take a swim
With the lady bathers in the living pictures.

CHORUS.

When he saw the other picture we thought sure he would die,
It was Adam and Eve gazing up to the sky,
Then he hollered, "Mary, dear, oh, why did you bring me here,
I can never love you now the way I used to."
Then he looked at Mother Eve, and loudly he bawled,
"Be golly, you'll be chilly when the snow does fall;"
Then the ushers grabbed him nice, stuck his head in a pall of ice,
Just to keep him cool while at the living pictures.

CHORUS.

Then he leaped and he crept, and he took another peep,
And the way he carried on made the audience weep,
Then his wife says, "Dan, do come home like a man,
If you must have living pictures, I will do them;"
But he didn't hear her speak, he was off in a trance,
Standing on a chair, doing the "Hoochy Coochy" dance;
When the last girl posed, why they had to turn the hose
On McGinty, when he saw the living pictures.

Walking on de Rainbow IN DE SKY

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Words by Chas. Edwards. Music by Geo. C. Edwards.

I went 'up to heaven, Peter wouldn't let me in,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
He said, "No, nigger, you're loaded down with sin,"
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
It's a crooked road, you have to stand in line,
No pushing or no shoving, you must take your time;
When Peter shakes his head, 'tis then de bells will ring,
And you hear de angels sing:

CHORUS.

Come all you children, come all you children,
Come all you children, we will reach there by and by;
Oh! come along you children, come along all you children,
And you had better not slip, or you will cut your upper lip,
When you're walking on de rainbow in de sky.

A big fat nigger, and his name was Samuel Right,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky;
As black as coal, and always full of fight,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
Peter said to Right, it's chickens you did steal,
And grabbed 'em by de neck, so they couldn't squeal,
Then Peter slammed the gate, and all de bells did ring,
Then we heard de angels sing:—Chorus.

When it rains up in heaven all de niggers have to work,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky;
A hose in your hand, you wear a big red shirt,
Walking on de rainbow in de sky.
To wash de clouds, and make the stars to shine,
From seven in de morning until after nine,
And when de sun am out, and all de bells do ring,
Then you hear de angels sing:—Chorus.

One Girl in the World for Me

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Words and Music by Dave Marion.

There's only one girl in the world that I would call my wife,
And the girl I sing of I love dearer than my life;
My sweetheart's age is just eighteen—she greets me with a smile,
And when she says good evening, John, I'm thinking all the while that there is

CHORUS.

Only one girl in the world for me,
Only one girl has my sympathy;
She's not so very pretty, or of a high degree—
There's only one girl in the world for me.

My sweetheart is an orphan, and I'm a factory lad,
But if work was steady, why it would not be so bad;
We've been engaged just one year, and last night at the gate
She said, as tears rose in her eyes, my own true love, I'll wait. So there is—*Chorus.*

Sweet Jennie Brown

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Words and Music by Samuel H. Speck.

I've the sweetest girl in town—sweetest name, Jennie Brown;
I'm the envy of the lads for miles around;
They would gladly kiss the ground where she walks, Jennie Brown,
But she's eyes for only me, this sweet Jennie Brown;
Twice a week she lets me come to spend the evenings at her home.
Sunday evenings after tea she goes out to walk with me,
'Then we talk of love so sweet, as we wander down the street;
Jealous eyes upon me stare, but I do not care.

CHORUS.

I know that she loves me, and that's enough for me;
I love Jennie, and she says that I am her sweetheart;
I know that she loves me, and that's enough for me;
I am happy in the love of sweet Jennie Brown.

Smiling face, with ne'er a frown, has my love, Jennie Brown;
Eyes so bright and lips so red, and dimples round;
Mother thinks she's just too sweet, form so neat, tiny feet,
Calls her daughter when they meet, my sweet Jennie Brown;
Lately, when we take a walk, of other things than love to talk—
Tables, carpets, china-ware, bed-room, parlor suits and chairs.
Jennie talks of a home for three—mother, Jennie, and for me;
Says that she my lot will share, now why should I care?—*Chorus.*

FRIENDLY NEIGHBORS For Twenty-five Years

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Words by Fred Darcy. Music by Samuel H. Speck.

My name is O'Brien, I'm a great politician,
I came from the evergreen sod,
While my friend Michael Ryan,
Whose honest position in life is to carry the hod,
We're always a-joking, we never are croaking,
With laughter and singing we drive away tears;
We're always hand-shaking, and never leave-taking,
Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.

CHORUS.

Our families both, for many a day, have lived side by side;
The years have come and passed away, but our friendship has never died;
We both get tight, but never fight, so we've no cause for fears—
Michael Ryan, Pat O'Brien, friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.

We never go out unless we go together;
We're both like the Siamese twins;
No two better friends ever stepped in shoe leather—
The style we possess always wins.
The full approbation of all our great nation
Is given to us two without doubt or sneers.
When you find O'Brien, you'll surely find Ryan—
Friendly neighbors for twenty-five years.—*Chorus.*

The Little Toy Drum

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Words and Music by Charles Graham.

"Now, Papa," said Benny, "please tell us again
The tale of the little toy drum Mamma keeps!"
"Twas your uncle's," he said, "boy, who went to the war—
In a spot far away with brave heroes he sleeps—
On his birthday your dear mother gave it to him;
She was proud of her gay little brother, I know;
He put on a big one when war was declared,
And told us, a drummer boy, with us he'd go."

CHORUS.

The little toy drum, with its ribbons and all,
He treasured so much, years ago,
He gave to your mother, and answered the call
For soldiers and heroes, you know;
She placed it away on the very same day
That she heard he would never come back,
And the little toy drum with her always will stay,
That was left by your Uncle Jack.

"The rub-a-dub-dub of his drum could be heard
Away in the front and inspiring the men,
But one day it was silent—we found him that night,
With the drum by his side, he would ne'er beat again;
Your mother is sad when she thinks of his fate,
And, although of the story she seldom will speak,
She knows that a brave little hero was he,
And the thought brings the blushes of pride to her cheek."—*Chorus.*

Denied a Home

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

A poor, aged couple one day on the street
Stood asking assistance of each one they'd meet;
The snow it was falling, they shivered with cold—
I thought, what a pity, so feeble and old;
I gave them assistance, they thanked with a bow;
I asked if they'd no one to care for them now—
Have you no children to whom you could look?
They answered me sadly, their old heads they shook:—*Yes—*

CHORUS.

We had two children, two bright, loving boys;
They were our idols, our pride and our joys;
The youngest, he left us, the wide world to roam,
The other's a banker, denies us a home.

While hearing their story, a stranger drew nigh;
I saw, by appearance, he'd not pass them by;
He gazed but a moment, then cried in surprise:
"What! father and mother?" while tears filled his eyes;
He spoke of a brother he left years ago—
"Oh, is he so cruel, to treat you both so?
Now I have plenty, you'll not want in vain";
And still I can fancy I hear them again:—*Yes—Chorus.*

A year has rolled over since first I did meet
The old couple begging out in the cold street;
The son, who, in luxury, was forced to the wall,
In wild speculations lost fortune and all.
The old folks, in pity, they took him in, then;
A home, too, they gave him, which he denied them;
Now they are happy and thankful to-day,
And yet I can hear them as on that cold day:—*Yes—Chorus.*

JUST PUBLISHED!

Hurry Home March.

By GEORGE C. EDWARDS.

Happy Life March.

By W. D. SMITH.

Evidence is rife that these two new Marches are bound to become popular, as we are daily in receipt of laudatory letters about same from leading directors and band-masters throughout the United States. For sale at all Music Stores.

SUSIE, DO YOU LUB ME?

Ethiopian Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by FRANK ADDIS KENT.

Allegretto.

Intro. *f*

1. When de sun am gone to rest,
2. All day in de cot-ton fields,
3. Ten long years hab rolled a-way,

Far be-hind the hills,..... And de dark-ies work am done,
'Neath de broil-ing sun,..... Sam-bo works and thinks ob her,
Since dose moon-light nights,..... Sam and Su-sie's on de place,

Complete Copies of this Song can be had at all Music Stores

There's No Place Like the Old Home After All

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When I left school long years ago I was a wayward child,
I took delight in any sport which happened to be wild;
Kind parents never could control the mischief strong in me,
Till, heedless of their good advice, I ran away to sea.
I thought of all the happiness that now would surely come,
When I should be away from those who ruled me when at home;
But after all the weary years that since have passed away
My thoughts return to those at home, and tearfully I say:

CHORUS.
It may not be a mansion with roses 'round the door,
It may not have a parlor with carpet on the floor;
But when you're far away in sorrow you will say:
There's no place like the old home after all.

In many foreign lands I've been since I began to roam,
Yet I have met no friends who could compare with those at home;
There naught but loving words prevail, in sickness or in health,
And anxious parents welcome you in poverty or wealth.
Then wayward sons and daughters have a thought for parents dear,
To-night at home your vacant chairs will cause them many a tear;
So nourish and protect them while this earth they are upon,
You'll miss the dear old folks at home when they are dead and gone.

CHORUS.
It may not be a mansion with roses 'round the door,
It may not be a parlor with carpet on the floor;
But when you're far away in sorrow you will say:
There's no place like the old home after all.

HOW NICE THAT ALL MUST BE

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

When the moon has lit the gloom and stars begin to shine,
Whip-poor-will, from o'er the hill, his evening song does chime,
Then you start, with happy heart, your darling girl to see;
Perhaps she'll wait for you at the gate—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

You take her arm within your own, down the lane together roam
To love's retreat, and there, alone, beneath some favorite tree,
You tell her she's your turtle-dove, swear to her, by all above,
That she's the only girl you love—how nice that all must be.

'Neath the trees you sit at ease, your darling by your side,
'Round her waist your arm is placed and silly words are tried.
On your breast her head does rest, of course there's none like she,
You can't resist to steal a kiss—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

With happy heart your steps retrace—as you gaze into her face
A smile of love you may trace, a smile that is meant for thee.
But still the stars shine bright above, homeward going with your love,
The old man's waiting with a club—how nice that all must be.

While dad's asleep, the girl you meet some other night as fair,
Down the lane you go again, and love to her declare.
You caress, she answers, "Yes," to questions asked by thee;
At last 'tis said and you're happy made—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

Then soon the happy day does come, then, of course, you're both made one,
And really glad the thing is done, to that you will both agree.
You start to take her to her home, you know you can't get in your own,
And by her dad the door you're shown—how nice that all must be.

Soon a home get of your own, where you and little wife
Live quite gay as months pass 'way, enjoy the best of life.
Aunts and cousins then come by dozens, stop for dinner and tea;
Don't mind at first, but when it gets worse—how nice that all must be.

CHORUS.

Then bills they come in by the score, doctors, bakers' many more;
Instead of rich, you're getting poor, and that you dally do see;
A dozen children, say, you've got, find as you come from your shop,
Your wife has skipped, left you the lot—how nice that all must be.

BROKEN HEARTS

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Words by James Thornton. Music by Andrew Mack.

This world is but the stage of life, the mighty Master said,
On which most men and women play, to earn their daily bread;
With lawyers, doctors, diplomats and preachers in the cast,
Who fill the parts made vacant by their brothers who have passed.
The hypocrite he wears a mask, 'tis but for outward show,
And crime goes by unpunished, for blind justice oft is slow;
The millionaire and workingman play most important parts,
They form the two great factors in the play of "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

The first scene is a cottage, where the roof lets in the rain;
There's a father almost famished, there's a mother ill with pain,
There's the money king who orders their eviction, then departs.
That's the first scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

The next scene was a mansion in a land across the sea,
By acres wide surrounded, and the home of royalty;
Its owner is of noble birth and lord of his domains,
And boasted of the ancient blood that flowed within his veins.
Now comes another character, a girl quite young in years,
Her face it wears a troubled look, her cheeks are stained with tears;
She meets the young lord face to face, he turns pale, then he starts.
He met her in the first act of the play called "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

He promised he would marry her, she trustingly believed,
But when the day appointed came she found she'd been deceived;
Now the servants drive her from the door, in shame the girl departs.
That's another scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Amid the sound of marriage bells a couple went their way,
A youth and maiden, smiling sweet, for 'tis their wedding day.
They vow to love each other true along life's rough career;
A baby blessed their union ere they had been wed a year.
But sad, alas! One day to her the evil tempter came:
He told her he could lead her to the very gates of fame.
She left her husband and her child and fled to foreign parts.
In silence he forgives her, in the play of "Broken Hearts."

CHORUS.

There's a husband sadly waiting, for his love will never die;
He tells his little daughter, mother's coming bye-and-bye.
He bows his head to hide the tears that to his eye-lids start.
That's the saddest scene I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

Now comes the grand finale upon which the curtain falls,
The scene it is a battle-field, upturn by cannon balls;
It is a field of carnage dire, with bloody corpses strewn;
The battle rages fierce and wild, but 'twill be ended soon.
The enemy have fled, and wounded soldiers shout with joy,
And there among their number lay a dying drummer boy;
A comrade lifts him tenderly, he laid these words imparts:
"Tell mother I died fighting in the play of 'Broken Hearts.'"

CHORUS.

There's a poor, old, gray-haired mother waiting for her boy to come;
She is thinking of the morning when she buckled on his drum.
The news arrives her boy is dead—from this life she departs.
That's the last scene that I witnessed in the play of "Broken Hearts."

I DON'T WANT TO PLAY IN YOUR YARD

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Once there lived, side by side, two little maids;
Used to dress just alike—hair down in braids,
Blue ging'am pinafores, stockings of red,
Little sun-bonnets tied on each pretty head.
When school was over secrets they'd tell,
Whispering arm-in arm down by the well;
One day a quarrel came, hot tears were shed—
"You can't play in our yard," but the other said:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see me sliding down our cellar door.
You can't holler down our rain-barrel, you can't climb our apple tree;
I don't want to play in your yard, if you won't be good to me."

Next day two little maids each other miss,
Quarrels are soon made up, sealed with a kiss;
Then hand in hand again happy they go,
Friends all thro' life to be, they love each other so.
Soon school days pass away, sorrows and blues,
But love remembers yet quarrels and kisses,
In sweet dreams of childhood we hear the cry:
"You can't play in our yard," and the old reply:

CHORUS.

"I don't want to play in your yard, I don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see me sliding down our cellar door.
You can't holler down our rain-barrel, you can't climb our apple tree;
I don't want to play in your yard, if you won't be good to me."

SINCE MY MOTHER'S DEAD AND GONE.

SONG AND CHORUS.

Words and Music by J. P. SKELLY.

Andante moderato.

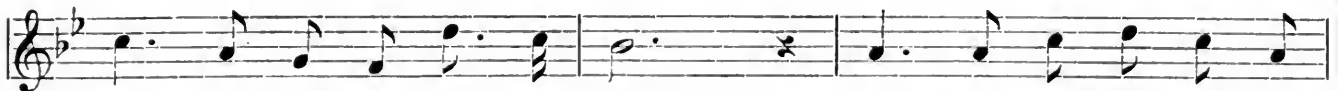


1. In that dear old vil - lage church - yard,
2. I was young, but I re - mem - ber
3. Oft I wan - der to that church - yard,

There I see a moss - y
Well the night my moth - er
Flow'rs to plant with ten - der



mound,
died, -
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That
When
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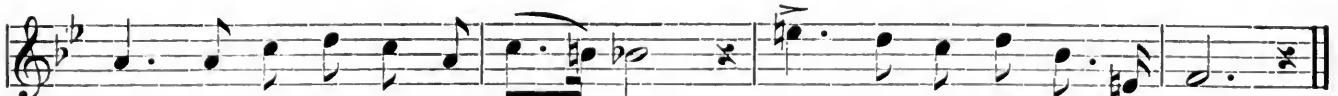
In the cold and si - lent ground.
Till she called me to her side,
Dark - ness finds me weep - ing there,

Gen - tly waves the weep - ing
Say - ing, "dar - ling, I must
Look - ing at the sky a -



will
leave
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- low,
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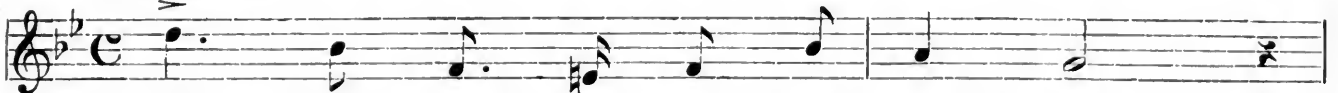
Birds their war - ble sing at dawn,
An - gel voi - ces guide me on, -
Wait - ing for the heav'n ly dawn;



But my heart is sad and lone - ly -
Pray that we may meet in Heav - en,
There is no one left to love me,

Since my moth - er's dead and gone!
When your moth - er's dead and gone!"
Since my moth - er's dead and gone!

CHORUS.



In that dear old vil - lage church - yard,



Oft I stray with heart for - lorn; For there's no one left to



love me, Since my moth - er's dead and gone!

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The Girl I Love

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Words by George Dalley. Music by Andrew Mack.

There is a girl that I adore, she lives across the way;
Standing by her cottage gate I see her every day.
At night my thoughts oft wander to the tiny stars above,
I seem to see in every one the girl I love.

CHORUS.

The girl I love, the girl I love,
She seems to be in every tiny star above;
Every flower, sweet and rare, every bird that wings the air
Reminds me of the girl I love.

Tho' when you wander 'round the earth, or sail the deep blue sea,
Winsome maidens you may meet, but none so fair as she.
My heart is just a peaceful nest to hold my gentle dove,
And soon I'll wed, with joy complete, the girl I love.—Chorus.

GIRL WANTED

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Words and Music by Gus C. Weinberg.

Jim Brown had just been married, he got a lovely spouse—
She said she'd do the cooking when they went keeping house;
She cooked a lovely dinner, with vegetables and meat;
He tried it, then he told her it was not fit to eat.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, and wifey is not cooking any more;
She said it was like mother used to make it—
He told her if it was she ought to shake it,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The first girl was a pretty girl, with handsome form and face;
Brown fell in love, and so, of course, the girl secured the place;
Brown's wife was jealous of her charms, she thought something amiss;
She watched and saw her husband give that pretty girl a kiss.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that pretty girl ain't working any more.
You ought to see that pretty girl skedaddle;
He lost his hair and teeth during the battle;
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next girl was a country girl, her face would give one frights;
She lost her breath in trying to blow out electric lights.
She went to build a fire, and the wood was somewhat green,
And just to start it going, why, she poured on kerosene.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that country girl ain't working any more;
And now she's living up a little higher—
No more she's got to monkey with the fire,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

The next one was a colored girl, she was so awful fat,
And sported chicken feathers upon a gaudy hat—
That day she climbed two flights of stairs to get a piece of rope,
But when she reached the top, she stepped upon a piece of soap.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that colored girl ain't working any more;
Her funeral occurred next day at seven—
Another colored angel's up in heaven,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

Grover Cleveland was a neighbor, he thought he'd be in line—
One day they saw him fuss around in tacking up a sign;
Of course they all felt curious, they wondered what it said—
A crowd soon gathered 'round it, and this is what they read:
Boy wanted, boy wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Boy wanted, boy wanted, and Grover doesn't want girls any more.
A girl could never hold his proud position—
To have a boy has been his great ambition,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Boy Wanted."

The next girl was an actress, she'd been upon the stage—
She posed in living pictures when they were all the rage;
One day she put her costumes on for Brown's special delight,
And wifey, who had been down town, flew in and saw the sight.
Girl wanted, girl wanted, next day this sign appeared upon the door;
Girl wanted, girl wanted, that actress isn't working any more.
She nearly broke their home and all the fixtures,
For wifey drew the line at living pictures,
So at the break of day those that chanced to go that way
Saw the sign "Girl Wanted."

EUNICE VANCE'S GREAT COMIC HIT:

And Her Golden Hair Was Hanging Down Her Back.

As sung also with unbounded success by Miss MADGE ELLIS,
The Popular LIZZIE RAYMOND, and others.

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Written and Composed by Felix McGlennon and Monroe Rosenfeld.

There was once a simple maiden, came to New York on a trip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
Her cheeks were like the roses, she'd a pout upon her lip,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
When she landed at the station here she took a little stroll,
At everything she wondered, till she lost her self-control;
Said she, "New York is quite a village, ain't it? Bless my soul!"
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.

CHORUS.

But, oh Janet! Doesn't look the same;
When she left the village she was shy,
But alas! and alack! She's gone back
With a naughty little twinkle in her eye.

She toddled down Broadway, a bashful smile upon her face,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
A bit of nice blue ribbon kept her ringlets in their place,
For her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Of course, she knew her manners, she'd been taught to be polite;
So when a gent said "Hem, good evening!" she said "Hem, good night!"
Said she, "I am a stranger here, I hope you'll treat me right."
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

She took his arm in confidence, she liked his pleasant ways,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
At all the damsels passing by she stared in great amaze,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
She told him she was thirsty: "Oh, all right," said he, "good biz."
He took her to Delmonico's and treated her to fizz;
Said she, "I think it's nicer than a glass of milk, it is."
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

They drank until the artless man so very weary grew,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back;
She took his chain and ticker, and his diamond breastpin, too,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.
Then silently she left him as he slumbered in a chair,
Into the street she wandered with a very simple air—
She would have carried off the stove if there had been one there,
And her golden hair was hanging down her back.—Chorus.

Now, gentle folks, I warn you all to shun the simple maid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back;
If any such you run across just don't you be afraid,
When her golden hair is hanging down her back.
Just skip the gutter, cross the street, or take another lane,
Or dodge the corner, take a cab, or catch a railway train;
And as you're flying up the street just sing her this refrain:
"Oh, your golden hair is hanging down your back.—Chorus.

KIND WORDS

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Words by John Butler. Music by J. F. Mahony.

Kind words are spoken never in vain;
No hearts are broken from their refrain;
Music to our ears, sweetest and best,
Through all the long years stored in the breast.

REFRAIN.

Kind words when spoken will cause us no sigh;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky;
No homes have been broken underneath the sky.

Kind words, oh, stranger! mem'ry will bring
You out of danger back to love's spring;
Dwell now and ever in our dear home,
Kind words will never cease us to roam.—Refrain.

Kind words will perish, not in the night,
Oft how we cherish them with delight;
Brave manly token, not cruel and cold,
Live on unbroken when we are old.—Refrain.

THE LITTLE TOY DRUM.

Song and Chorus.

Words and Music by CHAS. GRAHAM.

Moderato.

Intro. *mf*

1. "Now Pa - pa," said Ben - ny "please tell us a - gain, The tale of the lit - tle toy
2. The rub - a - dub - dub, of his drum could be heard, A - way in the front and in -

p

drum, mamma keeps," "Twas your un - cle's, 'he said' boy, who went to the war, In a spot far a -
spir - ing the men, But one day it was si - lent, we found him that night, With the drum by his

Complete Copies of this Song can be had at all Music Stores

WALKING ON DE RAINBOW IN DE SKY.

Ethiopian Song and Chorus.

Words by CHAS. EDWARDS.

Music by GEO. C. EDWARDS.

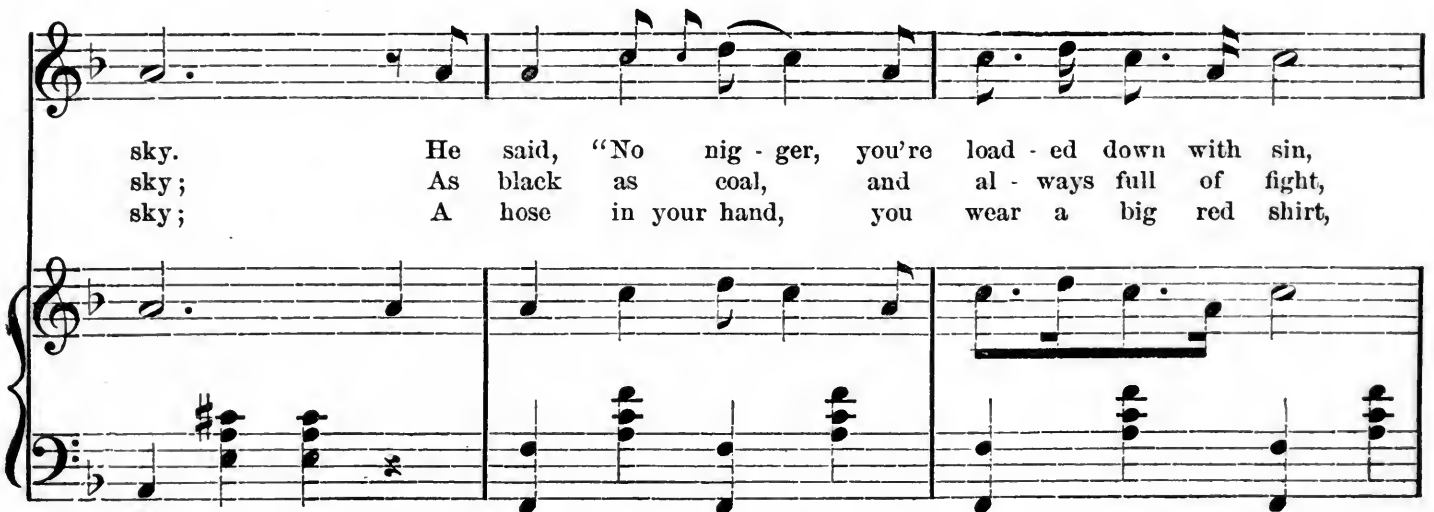
Tempo di Schottische.



1. I went up to Heav - en, Pe - ter wouldn't let me in, Walk - ing on de rain - bow in de
2. A big fat nig - ger, and his name was Sam - uel Right, Walk - ing on de rain - bow in de
3. When it rains up in Heav - en all de nig - gers have to work, Walk - ing on de rain - bow in de



sky. He said, "No nig - ger, you're load - ed down with sin,
sky; As black as coal, and al - ways full of fight,
sky; A hose in your hand, you wear a big red shirt,



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My Beautiful Irish Maid

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

We stand together, you and I, where we stood years ago,
Beneath the same blue Irish sky, our hearts with joy aglow,
You promised, then, you would be mine, in all your charms arrayed.
I'm here to claim you for my own, my pretty Irish maid.

CHORUS.

Oh, my love, how I've waited and longed for you, dear;
Time has not changed you, your beauty will never fade;
I'm here to claim, love, your promise of long, long ago;
You are to me, my own, my beautiful Irish maid.

I know the love you gave me then is just as fond and true,
Those eyes of yours speak hope again, sweet eyes of Irish blue.
I know you'll keep your promise, love, tho' stars above may fade;
Thro' storm and shine I've come to you, my pretty Irish maid.—*Chorus.*

CAN'T FOOL THE DUTCH

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Words and Music by Harry S. Miller.

Calahan is a neighbor of mine, he lives next door to me;
Not a cent he pays for rent, while I pay twenty-three;
A Dutchman, who owns me house, of course, owns Calahan's as well;
How he gets on, of paying the rent is more than I can tell;
I've just got information from me cousin Dan Magee,
Who says that Calahan, some day, the Dutchman's heir will be;
I think he's hypnotized him, if there's any such a thing,
When Calahan wants a dollar or two, he's only got to sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! you can fool the Scotchman, and can fool the French,
And you can all fool the English, if you know how to commence;
The Chinese and the Dago, well, they don't amount to much—
You might fool the Irish, but you can't fool the Dutch.

Now, the poor Dutchman some time ago was taken sick, poor man,
Thought he'd die, so by and by he sent for Calahan.
Says he, "My old friend, I have no heirs; I'll deed all I have to you."
"It's the wisest thing," says Calahan, "I think, that you could do."
The Dutchman soon got better, then, bedad, he had no home;
The property that once was his, now Calahan did own;
And he pays rent (he same as I) to Calahan, you see;
And it's every month he calls for it, and this to me does sing:

CHORUS.

Oh! you can fool the Scotchman, and can fool the French,
And you can all fool the English, if you know how to commence;
The Chinese and the Dago, well, they don't amount to much—
You can't fool the Irish, but you might fool the Dutch.

FORGET THE PAST

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Words by Hattie Anderson. Music by Geo. E. Appel.

Nell and I had quarreled, as young couples do;
I was madly jealous, and thought she was untrue;
She received a letter from an old sweetheart,
And I said, "We'd better henceforth live apart!"
I was rashly violent, in my jealous pain;
She was proudly silent, and would not explain;
So, in bitter anger, we each went away,
Though our hearts were breaking, neither one would say:

CHORUS.

Dear, I am sorry I gave you pain;
Come, kiss me, darling, and be friends again;
I will love you only, dear, while life shall last;
Darling, forgive me, and forget the past.

After years of silence, my Nell passed away—
Nestling on her bosom, two tear-stained letters lay;
One, the fatal missive that had wrought such woe,
And for me the other, written long ago—
"Husband, I will tell you, now we are apart,
All about that letter from an old sweetheart—
It was from a sister, who had gone astray.
But you were so bitter, that I would not say:—*Chorus.*

KATY MAHONE

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Words and Music by Chauncey Olcott.

In that little brown cottage that stands over there,
Dwells my sweet Kitty Mahone;
With her beautiful nature and soul full of love,
Oh, she has my heart alone.
If ever you met her, oh, then you'd not blame me
For loving her as I do,
For who, in this world, has ever been known
To resist love that's tender and true.

REFRAIN.

Oh, Katy Mahone, I'm yours alone.
Why keep me waiting for you?
Give me your heart, as well as your hand,
And I'll keep it safe for you, Katy.

Now, time may change all things, but never my heart,
It will remain the same,
And be not like the beautiful snow when it falls,
To go with the very first rain.
But more like the beautiful ivy that creeps,
As around the old ruin it springs;
Time cannot efface it, or lessen its love,
For the older, the closer it clings.—*Refrain.*

HEARTS ARE TRUMPS

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Words and Music by Frank Addis Kent.

One day in Spring I called upon my sweetheart, young and fair;
I found her in the garden then, her father, too, was there;
Her Pa was spading up the ground, asked me to take a hand—
I worked until I almost dropped—my love said, "Ain't he grand?"

CHORUS.

Spades were trumps! Spades were trumps! I was solid with my love;
Spades were trumps! Spades were trumps! Oh, she said I was a dove;
Her father said I was the stuff; I cared not if the work was rough
If of her love I got enough—spades were trumps! spades were trumps!

A month had passed, I called again upon my sweetheart fair;
I found her in the garden then, another man was there;
A rival for my darling's hand, a man of wealth was he,
For on his hands and in his shirt, the diamonds sparkled free.

CHORUS.

Diamonds were trumps! Diamonds were trumps! he was solid with my love;
Diamonds were trumps! Diamonds were trumps! Oh, she said he was a dove;
Her father said he was the stuff; I thought on me 'twas pretty rough,
For of her love he got enough—diamonds were trumps! diamonds were trumps.

I stood it for a little while, and then my blood was up;
I went outside and got a club—said I, "I'll warm the pup!"
I clubbed him till he howled with pain—her father stopped the row,
My darling said she'd take me back—she said she loved me now.

CHORUS.

Clubs were trumps! Clubs were trumps! I was solid with my love;
Clubs were trumps! Clubs were trumps! Oh, she said I was a dove;
Her father said I was the stuff; I cared not if the fight was rough,
If of her love I got enough—clubs were trumps! clubs were trumps!

It was not long, I called again upon my sweetheart fair;
I found her in the parlor then—her family were all there;
A minister was there to tie the knot that made us one,
And "hearts were trumps," and trumps till last, till trav'ling days are done.

CHORUS.

Hearts are trumps! Hearts are trumps! I am married to my love;
Hearts are trumps! Hearts are trumps! Oh, she says I am a dove;
Her father says I am the stuff—I fought for her, the fight was rough,
But of her love I got enough—hearts are trumps! hearts are trumps!

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LOVE WILL BRING ME BACK AGAIN.

Chorus.

Tempo di Valse.

Love will bring me back a - gain O - ver the o - cean wide,.....

Ev - er fond - ly to re - main close by my dar - ling's side..... Tho'

care may dim your lov ing eyes Look - ing for me in vain,..... Re -

- mem - ber this, with part - ing kiss, Love will bring me back a - gain!.....
colla voce.

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THERE'S NO PLACE LIKE THE OLD HOME AFTER ALL.

Words and Music by WALTER P. KEEN.

Andante Moderato.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. The piano part begins with a treble and bass clef, a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and a common time signature (C). The tempo is marked 'Andante Moderato.' The first system of the piano part includes dynamic markings 'mf' (mezzo-forte) and 'f' (forte), and a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking. The vocal part consists of two staves. The first staff contains the lyrics for two verses. The second staff contains the piano accompaniment for the vocal part, with dynamic markings 'p' (piano) and 'f' (forte). The lyrics are: 1. When I left school long years a - go I was a way - ward child, I
2. In ma - ny for - eign lands I've been since I be - gan to roam, Yet
took de - light in an - y sport which hap - pened to be wild, Kind
I have met no friends who could com - pare with those at home, Their

H. J. W.-31.

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DAY BY DAY, YEARS HAVE ROLLED ON;

—OR,—

I'LL BE TRUE THRO' JOY OR TEARS.



Words and Music by HARRY S. MILLER.

Andante. (With feeling.)

Intro. *f* *ritard.*

p

1. She stood a - lone, by her sea - shore home, As she waved her hand a -
2. One wint - er night, by the fire - side bright, She saw her lov - er the

dien..... Her sail - or boy, her pride and joy, Was sail - ing
same,..... So brave and bold, as days of old, Had come to

far from view..... With heav - y heart, she had watched de - part, Her love with
her a - gain..... She cried with joy, "Oh my sail - or boy, What wear - y

spir - its light..... He sailed a - way that sum - mer day, 'Mid flags and
years I've seen,"..... And ere he spoke, she then a - woke, And found 'twas

col - ors bright,..... But day by day years have roll'd on,
but a dream,..... But day by day years have roll'd on,

Day by day she sings this song:
Day by day she sings this song: *p ritard.* *a tempo.*

Day by day, Years have rolled on.

Chorus.

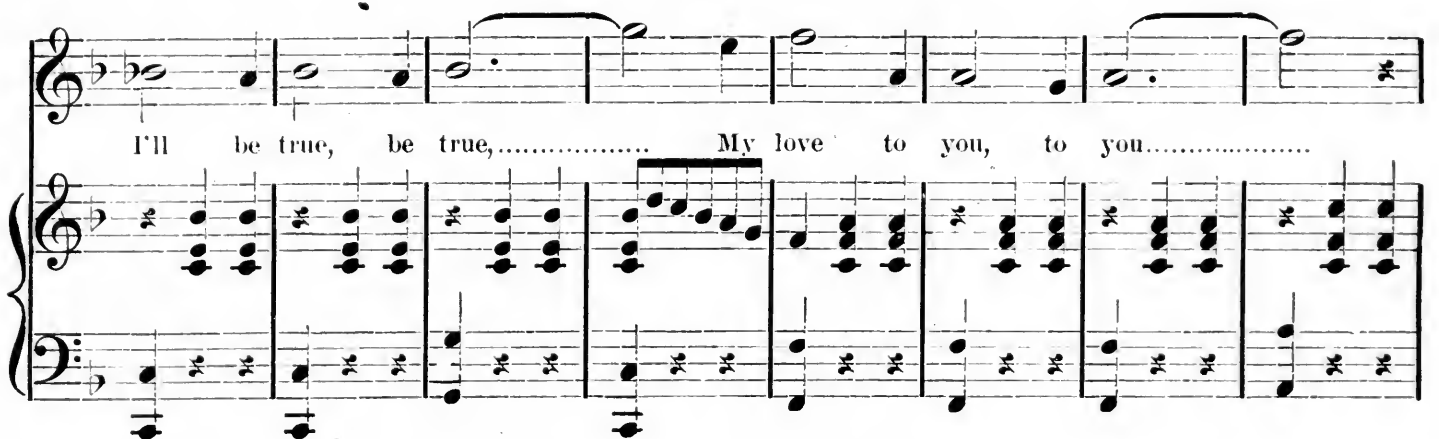
5



I'll be true thro' joy or tears, Ev - er true 'mid hopes or fears.



I'll be true, my love to you, Tho' we may not meet for years.



I'll be true, be true,..... My love to you, to you.....



I'll be true, my love to you, Thro' pleas - ure or tears.....

Day by day, Years have rolled on.

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